



## Choices



kids

writing

future

25 0 2

### Chapter 1 by TraderVic12

'I met this girl last night' I said when my wife brought the breakfast.

'On the internet?'

'Yeah. She's seventeen, likes to write. There's actually a guy too, same thing.'

'So you met two young writers in one evening?'

'Yes, there's a website for writers I found yesterday. Anyway, they both write some nice tiny bits.' I grabbed the fork and got into my bacon and eggs. 'Really nice. I liked the girls' more, because the guy is kinda cocky with his writing. He's good, but not that good.'

'You have a thing for humility. What about the girl?'

'Well, she's totally distracted by everything in her life right now. So there's not much writing going on there. Kinda reminds me of myself years ago.'

My wife ate, so I started inhaling food from my plate as well.

'You should eat a fruit sometimes.' she said when I grabbed my teacup.

'Why?'

'Healthier then fries eggs, you know.'

'Yeah. Bacon is my favorite fruit, so no, thanks.'

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

'So I tried to simply warn them, but I forgot how teenagers always do the opposite and know better.'

'Not your fault. There's some many people when you start a life that you want to meet and talk to. Everything seems so important. We're not that old, you and me, I can remember that.'

'Well, she said she's got a house to take care of, school is hard and she needs to spend time with her fiancée or boyfriend.'

My wife took a sip of her tea.

'I know that we were crazy in love and spent every moment together back then, and I can't say I regret it, but what we done with that time was sometimes quite creative. We made that boardgame, or the posters for that theatre show together.'

'Well, yes. It was actually a very nice evening,' she smiled 'But it wasn't always so creative.'

'Sure, and I am not saying it should. But the girl said that she'd always rather hang out with Brendan rather than write.' I sighed. 'That's a bit crazy, right?'

'YOu mean, he makes her so hot, makes her wanna trot, he's so ridiculous she can never stop?'

'Is that a song you're quoting?' I asked.

'She can hardly breathe, he makes her wanna scream, he's so fabulous, he's so...'

'...goo to me. That's Avril Lavigne's "Hot" you're quoting now.' I said.

'Wow.'

'What?'

'How do you even know that?' she asked squinting her eyes at me.

'I don't know, really. Must've been in the radio?'

'Sure, like a bazillion years ago.' she stood up and carried the dirty plates to the kitchen.

'Well, I'm good with songs like that.'

'Or you're number one in fanboy city.' she yelled from the kitchen. I heard her set the water to make more tea.

'You got me. But that's the point, actually. Lavigne dropped out of highschool when she was sixteen to go into singing.'

'I'm not even going to ask how you know that.'

'She did. Google it. Anyway, if you want to write you're not going to waste time on other stuff.'

'You got right to it.'

'I can relate to that.' she sat down. 'I'll make some tea.' She took a sip from her cup again.

'I went to school and then college without having an idea what I actually do it. Sure, we met there so I don't really regret it. I had an idea for what I'd like to do and these things have not changed since then. Not one of them.'

'Ok, so now it's about you and not the two young writers from the internet?'

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I sighed heavily, looking at a flock of pigeons that went by the window.

'It's not about me. I just want to say, that these young people, if they really want to write, should listen to me and just write, no matter what.'

'If they really want to write. Don't you think that's the real problem?'

'How so?'

'Do you think, that, being seventeen, they have all their priorities set?'

'I think they do.' I nodded somberly 'and it's about making her wanna trot, being hot and whatnot.'

'Or you can say they just like to hang out, like we did their age? '

'Same thing.'

'And maybe that's their priority now and writing comes second. You said it yourself, if you want to do something, you're not going to waste time on other stuff. You go right to it.'

I looked into the rug, because my wife just quoted my exact words, a talent she often used.

'But they do have talent. I read my english books and I know when I like someone's writing. I also know that if you want to make writing real, you need to spend time on actually writing.'

'I know.' she nodded.'I also know that you won't take a leave at work to write because the kids at home take even more attention out of your day, and I know that if I take the kids to my parents so you're alone, instead of writing you'll come and go with us.'

'I won't escape my kids because I want to write.'

'I just don't know how to explain to you, that it's exactly the same with those kids. Sure, it seems they waste a lot of time on silly, amusing things, but there's always a reason. Just like in your life now.'

'You're too smart for me, you know.'

'I know.' she smiled into her cup.

'Gotta go to work, it's getting late.' I stood up and kissed her.

'Watch out on the road.'

'Will do.' I picked up my backpack from the floor.

'Don't forget to pick up the kids on the way back. I'll send you a reminder later.' she handed me my jacket.

'Thank you.' I said giving her one last hug.

'Bye. Stay safe.'

See more of Story Wars

'I will, bye' the door closed behind me. On the third step I heard the lock turn with a loud thud.

Login

or

Create new account

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

**i** You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(05be7c7a8995decd503647c99211f7c2\_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(16cd6e1a39784ecf52b4db09f4865f40\_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(64f85e895c86bd992221df2da6f33c1f\_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account